KANSAS

To lie, to rest on bracken couch, To hear the bells on fairy brae, To watch a blue loch tinge the shores, To darker color underway:

To see the glooming even fall On bank and tree, on mount and wold, To mark the stars that glimmer bright, To count the hundred legends old;

To lie, to rest on bracken couch,

To feel the night come, soft, and calm and

"MADAME ROQUETTE."

cozier room in any house in New York than the breakfast room in John Wheatleigh's house. It was somewhere in the thirties, just off Fifth avenue, of which a glimpse could be caught through the east windows, which admitted a flood of sunlight on the glass and plate and fine damask of the table, and brought out the golden light in Mrs. Wheatleigh's brown hair.

There could not have been a more agreeable couple to look upon, either-he, tall, athletic, with an open, manly countenanceshe, pretty, elegant and womanly. They were a happy pair, too, as happiness goes, and no heavier cloud darkened their matrimonial sky than the one which was now hovering over the breakfast table. For that there was a cloud this morning there could be no possible doubt. The fullness about Mrs. Wheatleigh's lips, the droop of her lids and the elevation of her eyebrows formed an undeniable pout, while her husband's face expressed doubt, anxiety and annoyance in Though the atmosphere was clear when the meal began the doubt had been lurking in John Wheatleigh's eyes ever since he took his seat at the table. In his heart it expressed itself in the hesitation between "I will tell her" and "I won't tell her." The "won'ts" had the best of it at first; it seemed unnecessary; there was no reason why he should, and perhaps Nettie would not understand it, which would be very awkward. Then be considered the affirmative side of the question; Nettie was a thoroughly sensiman: she had never shown the least trace of jealousy; anything that he would tell her about, honestly and openly, she would consider right, or if she did not she would tell him so gently and without any

He looked at her as she bent her pretty head over the morning paper, humming a little tune meanwhile. She seemed to feel his gaze, and glancing up at him smiled. John's heart smote him. How could be think of keeping anything from his sweet little urse he would tell her he was half sorry he had promised to go; if she jected he wouldn't. "Just as soon as I finish this erg," thought be, "In the meantime I'll think of the best way to tell her."

That was a fatal egg for John. He was some time in disposing of it. When he had finished he cleared his throat and had actually uttered the initial N— of his wife's name when Mrs. Wheatleigh crief, "Oh, John, they're going to play 'Cymbeline' to-night; won't you take me?"

That question was the deathknell of John Wheatleigh's confession. He could never tell his wife, in excuse for not taking her to the theatre, that he was going himself with another lady, or at least a party in which there were other ladies.

"To-night did you say, Nettie! I don't be-lieve I can go to-night." "Oh, John, why not?" "Won't to-morrow night dof"
"No," said Mrs. Wheatleigh, looking at the

paper, "this is the only performance I am going to be out to-night, Nettie; I

don't think I can take you very well; but may other night I will be glad to." 'You are going to the club, I suppose. I wish you did not spend so much time there. Is sething so important that it can't be

put off! I do want to see 'Cymbline' so "See here Nettie, it's like this," said Johns a friend of mine from out cf want to show him around a little, and-and take him to the club, perhaps; in fact, I've

written to him promising to meet him. Now do be reasonable, Nettie." The cloud lifted from Mrs. Wheatleigh's brow entirely. "I will be reasonable, John; of course if you are engaged with your friend, I shan't interfere. Fil tell you what I might do. If you will get the tickets, I'll send over to Cynthia Olds to go with me; she

will be glad of the chance. We'll take a cab and drive to theatre, and it will be perfectly John was glad to have the matter settled so easily, but his wife's sharp speech still rankied a little, and he felt that he ought not

to give in all at once.
"I don't like you going out a night without an escort, and I don't like you going with Cynthia Olds, anyhow. What you see in her make you want to continue the intimacy, I can't imagine. She is a silly, simpering old

girl, without an idea that she hasn't got from some vellow backed novel, and a woto be a dangerous companion." Cynthia is not so had as you make her out. John; she is foolish about some things, I

know, and exaggerates a good deal, but I never heard her say anything ill natured about anybody. It is a pleasure to take her out, she erjoys everything so much. But as you evidently do not wish me to go the thea-tre, I shall say no more about it."

"There, my dear, you may do as you like," said John. "Ask Cynthia to go with you and I will bring the tickets to-night." And

When John Wheatleigh took his seat in the elevated train he drow a letter from his pocket—the letter which caused the little jar in his home that had so quickly subsided. He read it hastily:

NEWARE, N. J., April 10. DEAR WHEATLEIGH: I am coming over to New York on Thursday with my wife and her rister—you remember Ethel, of course. We want to go somewhere in the evening, and would be delighted to have you join us at the Hoffman house at 6 for dimer, and make a partic carree. I hear the operatia of "Madame Requette" is very good; may I commission you to secure four places for our party, and don't fail to meet us? My wife wishes to be remembered. Yours truly, E. H. Wilson.

"Confound it," he muttered, "I don't like He rose to his feet; Nettie was quite beit; I wish I hadn't been in such a hurry to

accept his invitation."

He remembered Miss Ethel very well; a Nettie the remembered Miss Ethel very well; a handsome girl size was, too, but not handsome girl size was, too, but not handsomer than her sister, Mrs. Wilson. "Of cried a little man bastling up; "such a dence course, they couldn't have asked Nettie; they don't know her. I'm hanged, though, if I think it's the thing to invite a married man without his wife. I wish I'd told her! However, where I've been having a fine row back without his wife. I wish I'd told her! However, where I've been having a fine row back. ever, I'm in for it now, I suppose."

He left the train and went to a theatre where a great artist was playing Shakespeareau dramas, and bought two places for Then he went on to his office. All morning, however, he was absent minded and low spirited; he let several good oppor-About noon he made a sudden resolution. "I shan't dine with them at any rate; I'll go home and take dinner with Nettie; I'll com-

promise on that." He sat down and wrote: DEAR WILSON-I am very sorry, but I which John Wheatleigh loathed, yet here he had consigned himself to enduring three hours of fingling music and prancing women while refusing to go with his wife to witnes

a nobie play.

He put the three tickets into an envelope with his note and sealed it, thinking to him self meanwhile: "I wish there was som out of the whole business-I might say I was ill-poor little Nettie! 'Mme. Rouquette' indeed! Pshaw!"

Than he called a messenger, dispatched his letter, and in so doing laid the train to a pretty mine which by evening might explode with a formidable result.

You will probably guess what John Wheatleigh did in his absent minded, self reproachful state of mind, so there need be no secret about it. He was reckoned one of the shrewdest men on the Cotton Exchange, yet he did now what shrewd and keen witted men sometimes do-committed an egregious

All were red, and of the same general ap-pearance. He enclosed the two tickets he had bought for his wife and one operetta ticket in the note to his friend Wilson, and thus the three tickets he retained, one for himself and two for Nettie, were all for "Mme. Roquette."

When he came home to dinner Nettie met him with a smile. "Could you get the tickets, John, dear! Oh, I'm so gind! Cynthia will How I wish, though, it was you!" "Indeed, I wish it was, Nettie, I would break this engagement to-night if I could,

but Wilson is an old friend and I would not like to offend him. "And I wouldn't like to have you either dear. I was cross this morning, wasn't It I was sorry for it, though, afterward. Please

forgive me, John, dear-you are always good to me," and she put her arms around his neck and kissed him. "Aren't you well, John! You look pale."
"Yes, quite well, Nettie; a little headache, that is all."

Mrs. Wheatleigh was not quite dressed when her husband came at 8 o'clock to bid her good-by. "I'll try to be back as soon as Nettie," he said, as he kissed her. you are, Nettie," he said, as he kissed her. He was on the stairs when his wife called to him, "John, you haven't given me the tickets!-don't come back back; I'll run

He fumbled hastily in his pocket and drew out the three tickets. "Mme, Roquetto-that's mine"-he heard Nettie on the stairsdear; there they are."

"You foolish boy," said Nettie, "you are sure you are quite well, John! There-good

Cynthia was not ready when the cab requiring great preparation; presently, ough, she came ruoning out.

"How are you, dear Nettief-so good of you to think of me so often! Isn't Mr. Wheatleigh going? Just we two? How nice! What is 'Cymbeline,' Nettiel Shakespeare, isn't it? I don't think I ever read it-is it a "No, Mr. Wheatleigh couldn't go to-night,"

explained Nettie, "he had an important en-

gagement with a business friend at the club."

Cynthia rattled on, telling Nettie of all her comings and goings since their last meeting until they reached the theatre. They entered the house, and Nettie handed her tickets to the man at the gate.

he; "these tickets don't belong here."
"Dear me," said Nettio, "where are we! Did the cabman make a mistake? Aren't you playing 'Cymbeline?" 'Yes, ma'am, but these tickets are for

'Mme. Roquette,' at the uptown house. The address is on your ticket—please step aside a moment, ladies." "Oh, how provoking!" said Nettie. "How could John have made a mistake! He knew

it was 'Cymbeline' I wanted to see—we talked of it quite awhile." "Perhaps they will exchange them at the box office," suggested Cynthia.

"Oh, no, they won't do that," replied Nettie, taking out her purse; "we must buy new tickets. Dear me, I have only enough here to pay the cabman! Have you any money,

Cynthia humbly acknowledged to not hav-

drive home," said Nettie. "Oh, I am so dis-appointed!" They found a cab, and were shouldn't we go to see 'Mme, Roquettel' I hear it is splendid. Floria De Brassi sings in it, you know. If we don't like it we can come away in a little while."

"Very well, Cynthia," replied Nettie, apathetically. She was thinking how could he have been so careless, when he knew she wanted so much to see this play. But she had invited Cypthia to go with her, and felt bound to make the best of the matter.

Cynthia hastily put her head out of the window and told the man where to drive. Secretly she was delighted at the change in programme. Shakespeare was very nice, of course, but such a thing as "Madamo Roquette" was not to be seen every day. "Bennie De Forest was telling me all about it last night, Nottie," she said; "he says it is simply grand, and that Floria De Brassi is the levellest, most bewitching thing! The men are all wild about her. She sings a 'topical song, or something, called 'Now He's a Married Man, that brings down the house, Bennie says. I don't know that I approve of such things," she added deprecatingly, "but it's well enough to go oute in a while, "but it's well enough to go oure in a while, especially when everybody is talking about a thing; it makes one feel like going to see it bodies and at live animals at distances of a thing; it makes one feel like going to see it in spite of one's self; don't you think so!"

anything about it."

Nottie placed Cynthia's coat in the vacant perhaps more nearly express what Dr. Delorme says in the article he writes on seat, and as she did so her eyes fell on the man beyond it, he was staring at her with wide open eyes and hanging jaw; he looked quite stupefied. The man was her husband. thought-is this a surprise or a joke-what

does it mean, John!" "Nettle," he said, hastily, "there has been a mistake; I found it out, and came to-I mean-let us go quickly-quickly, Nettie!

wildered, while Cynthia stared. "Quick,

there, and the girls are mad as horness. Mand didn't like it when you didn't come to dinner anyhow, Oh, I can promise you a jolly scold-ing. How did you make such a built Ara-these the seats here? The usber will try to straighten the thing out if these ladies will kindly let him see their coupons. Maybe"

- His words were drowned in a burst of applause. Floria De Brassi, as the young Prince Gaillard, bad bounded on the stage—a of blonde hair and silk fleshings. Nettie had not an idea of what the trouble DEAS WILSON—I am very sorry, but I find it impossible to get away in time to take dinner with you this evening. I shall join you at the theatre, though, and therefore enclose the threa tickets for yourself and the ladies, to whom please make my compilenders to whom please make my compilenders to whom please make my compilenders and regrets at being obliged to forego a part of the pleasure of the evening. Faithfully,

WHEATLEIGH. was about; she looked at her husband, who

to ner heart, and her eyes rolled up in mock Ah, sweet secluded one

Ah, poor deluded one! He'll fool you if he can, Now he's a married man Ha-ba! Now he's a married man.

Nettie comprehended everything in a flash. The little man and the two handsome women standing back there belonged to her husband's party-through some mistake she and Cynthia were in their places, and they were trying to get them out. She rose to her feet and turned to her busband with indignant eyes-"Nettie, come with me," he said in a low voice. "I will explain everything." Nettie felt a strong revulsion; she grasped Cynthia by the wrist and hurried her away. One moment, ladies-I mean no offense said the little man-"by Jove, Wheatleigh, they've gone!' In the aisle they almost ran into a man

taggering under a great basket of flowers; the odor made Nettie faint.

As for Cynthia, she only knew something dreadful had happened. Nettie was deathly pale and looked straight before her, not having uttered a word since they left the thea-tra. Cynthia took her two hands and held them tight, not knowing what else to do. How terrible it all was, yet how wildly exciting! She recalled John Wheatleigh's haggard face, the excitable voice of the little man, the well bred amazement with which the two women had regarded them as they passed out—she thought she had seen these women before; indeed, it was such an adventure that poor Cynthia found herself takin a kind of guilty joy in the situation. And Nettie-how stonily she stared before her; she did not look like Nettie Wheatleigh at

Would it be in the papers in the morning! Would Nestie get a divorce! Every-body would know that she had been there and had seen it all, and would come to her for the particulars. Cynthia fairly grew giddy at the prospect of her coming importance. Now they were at Nettie's house, she must go in; she could not leave the poor girl she looked like that. Then Nettie

spoke for the first time.
"Come in the house," she said, hoarsely; "tell the man to wait." She ran up stairs and flung herself on the bed, face downward. Cynthia gently took off her bonnet and would have bathed her face, but Nettie motioned her away. She did not cry or make a sound, but only buried her face in the pillows as though she felt a thou-

sand eyes upon her and was ashamed. There was a violent ring at the bell, and John Wheatleigh came rushing up the stairs. She sprang to her feet. "Nettie, darling, where are you? Oh, Net-

tie, don't look at me like that-let me tell you! Miss Olds, please go into the next room for a few moments; I must speak to my wife

"Stop; remain where you are, Cynthia. Do you not see that whatever you have to say to me must be said before her-now?" Nettie, dearest, it was all a mistake. That was Ned Wilson, his wife and her sister. I was going with them, you see-to meet them. that is, and I mixed the tickets up-I gave

you-I ought to have told you." "It was shameful," she said, in a low, hard voice, "to humiliate me before all those peo ple, before Cynthia, before"-she shuddered "those two women."

E"Nettie, I swear 1 meant to tell you-at the table this morning the words were on my very lips to tell you. I had written to Ned Wilson then, but I had made up my raind not to go if you didn't want me to; and just as I was going to speak you esked me to take you—then we had that silly little quarrel, and I foolishly went away without telling you. If you knew how miserable I had felt all day-it was that that made me send-O God! she doesn't believe me!" and the poor boy covered his face with his hands and gave a great sob. Then it was that the true and beautiful womanly instinct arose and showed

itself in the despised Cynthia.
"Nettie," she said, firmly, "you are making too much of this; your husband has done no wrong-look at him, Nettie. He concealed ng from you because he was piquedit was foolish, but not wicked, and he was sorry for it before it was made known to you in the way it was to-night. I know who Mrs. Wilson is and who her sister is—he loves you and nobody else. You can trust me, Cynthia humbly acknowledged to not havg a penny.

"Well, there is nothing to do, then, but to

"Well, there is nothing to do, then, but to

so long as as we have the tickets, why her husband's neck, as Cynthia silently with

All his life John Wheatleigh loved Cynthis Olds for those words. The simper on her kindly face was as a beautiful smile to bim ever after-her barmless twaddle as pleasant music.

leasant music.

The operetta of "Mme. Requette" had a cleared away no Indians were about except one, who lay near the fort. He was badly long run in the metropolis. The airs were played on hand organs by street bands, and by energetic young ladies on the piano, but although Nettie forgave her husband freely, and restored him to her perfect confidence, she could never hear, "Now He's a Married Man," without a spasm of the heart,-

Not a Humane Rifle.

Not a Humane Rifle.

It was promised for the new Lebel (French) repeating rifle that it was humane, either killing outright or disalium, but not torturing with the frightful.

"All right," said Maxwell; "we don't care bling, but not torturing with the frightful wounds made by single firers of large cali-ber, and indeed, so far as known, the magazine guns as well. Recent experiments, however, have shown that the 8 millimeter Lebel magazine gun is no more humane than that of 11 millimeter caliber.

200, 400, 600, 1,000, 1,400, 1,600 and 2,000 "I suppose it does, Cynthia, I never heard meters, and the result, as summed up by nything about it."

Dr. Delorme, are that the orifice made by the operata had begun when they entered the entrance of the eight millimeter ball the theater. A little man accompanied by two handsome legies was raising a great commotion about something with an usher.

Nettie just glanced at them as she passed. lets—the power of the new steel projection. Their seats were in the orchestra, and the house seemed quite full, with the exception of one chair adjoining their own. Cynthia divested berself of her jacket at once, and there being consequently less deflectives to the bullets. The hope that the prepared to enjoy herself.

"We can put our things on that seat next little of the splintering which is so painyou, Nettie; if anybody comes we'll take ful, has not been realized. On the con-them away again," she said. trary, the bone is tern—"shivered" would "Chirurgie de Guerre." And yet he says that the effects of the new rife, as used "Why, John! how came you here! I they will be when the new explosives, melinite, roburite, etc., are used -Scien-

coffee Among the Arabs.

The great event of the visit is the The host has a kind of brazen shovel brought, in which he roasts the beans; then he takes a pestle and mortur of the oak of Bashan, and with his own hands he pounds it to powder, making the hard oak ring forth a song of welcome to the guest. Many of these pestles and morturs are heirlooms, and are richly ornamented and beautifully black and polished by age and use; such was the one in question. Having drunk coffee (for the honored guest the cup is filled three times), you are quite safe in

the hands of the most murderous. So far do they carry this superstition that a man who had murdered another fied to the dead man's father, and before he knew what had happened drank collec-Presently friends came in, and, as they were relating the news to the bereaved father, recognized the murderer crouches beside the fire. They instantly demanded vengeance. "No," said the father, "it cannot be; he has drunk coffee, and has thus become to me as my son." Had he not drunk coffee the father would never have rested until he had dyed his hands in his blood. As it was, it is said he further gave him his daughter to wife. Last Journal of Bishop Haunington.

FIGHTING FOR LIFE.

When I was stationed up in Montana at

Port Keogh a few years ago, said Gen. Bris-

bind to a reporter, I frequently saw on the

streets of Miles City a mother and daughter who had an interesting history, and were the heroines of one of the hardest fought Indian battles that ever took place in the west. Mrs. Maxwell and her daughter, May, were modest appearing and quiet. Mr. Maxwell, with his wife and daughter and four men— Bouton, George Dariand, Jester Pruden, and another whose name I cannot now recallhad started from Miles City east, intending to cross and settle on the Little Missouri near the old Stanley trail. After they had been out three days, and just as they were ap proaching O'Fallon creek, Mrs. Maxwell dis covered two objects ahead, which, with the aid of a field glass, she soon made out to be two Indians. She at once called the men and told Mr. Maxwell what she had seen, and, although the objects had quickly disap-peared, Mr. Maxwell knew but too well there was trouble in store for him and his party. He halted at once and turned back the wagons, which had already crossed the O'Fallon. He then rode forward and soon discovered a village of forty lodges of bostile Indians. A retreat for the hills at once began, and although the Indians followed closely they did not attack. They seemed to think they had the party safely, and could take their time in securing their scalps. Mr. Maxwell went to some tunber, and, selecting a high point of ground, went into camp. It ong position, with a ravine running around three sides of the camp. Darkness soon came on, and Maxwell, knowing the Indians seldom attack in the night, spent the time in fortifying his little camp. The bluffs did not run close to the water, and the little party had to take up their position fully 200 yards from the water. This greatly distressed him, but Mr. Maxwell hid in as good a supply of water as possible, and watered all his stock before daylight appeared. About 4 o'clock in the morning the little party ceased from their labors, cleaned and loaded their guns, and waited for the battle to begin. The Indians were very deliberate, and, although they could be seen, it was after 9 o'clock before any of them showed up near the fort. Then they began firing at long range, and kept it up at intervals during the entire day, with little damage to the besieged, Maxwell's wagons were hauled by oxen, and they were kept as close as possible. In the evening the cattle had become thirsty and had to be watered. No Indians were to be seen, and the men attempted to drive the cattle to water, when the Indians rushed down from the hills and captured the Mr. Maxwell let the cattle go and told his men to get to the fort. No further attempt was made to disturb the besieged, and another night was spent in strengthening the little fort. The men worked hard, and about midnight, having made the works as strong as possible, and being tired out, they lay down to get a little rest, Mr. Maxwell and May agreeing to The wagons formed one side of the fort, and legs, sacks of grain, and gunny sacks, filled with earth, the other Caves had been dug in the hillside for the women, and rifle pits, strongly constructed, ranged on three sides of the camp. All night long the cattle kept bellowing and were driven around and about the camp by the Indians in hope that the little garrison would come out and attempt to and all efforts at getting them out failed. Soon after midnight one of the men crept out of the fort and passed the Indian videttes He was instructed by Mr. Maxwell to go to Fort Keogh with all haste and make known to the commanding officer the desperate situation of the little party and ask for help. The little garrison was now reduced to five fighting men, Mrs. Maxweil and her daughter May. Shortly before daylight the women heard the Indians coming up the ravine and aroused the men. The moon was shining brightly and the Indians were all mounted and could be plainly seen. Dismounting from their ponies they began crawling up toward the fort. Maxwell told his men to lay close and hold their fire until he gave the word, and then to load and fire as rapidly as possible, and shout at the top appointed!" They found a cab, and were "Oh, I did not deserve it, John; I did not, rolling uptown, when Cynthia said: "Nettie, so long as as we have the tickets whe have the tickets when her bushoud's neck as Cynthia silently with now within fifty yards, and Maxwell, fearing a charge if he delayed longer, called out: "Let them have it, boys." The rattle of the guns was fearful, and lasted for fully five minutes, when, seeing no Indians coming, Mr. Maxwell ordered the firing to slacken

"I am hit. Don't shoot me."

me," he replied.

off down the valley.

us something to eat."

Mr. Maxwell said:

load and cool the guns."

"Keep cool and wait."

to go out and drive them in.

Maxwell

"Can you come in and surrender!" called

"No, I am wounded; come out and get

"Can't you crawl in here? We will take

for you fellows much, anyway; but let them be quick about it, for we want to fight some

more."

The wounded Indian called loudly in savanes were

Indian, and presently some savages were seen approaching, but they were afraid to come too near the fort. The wounded Indian raised hims if up with difficulty, and saying,

"How! How! Don't shoot me; go away," crawled off. They let him go, and after working himself down the hill a little way

two Indians took him up and carried

The Indians now packed up everything,

ink God, they are gone," said Mrs.

and driving the cattle before them started

"Not so," replied Maxwell; "that is only a ruse to get us off our guard; but we have

a little time, so, mother, you and May get

Fresty soon some of the cattle were seen coming back, as if they had broken away from the Indians, and one of the men wanted

"Oh, no," said Maxwell, "that is only an

other ruse of the wily rascals to get us out

of here. They are close behind the cattle,

depend upon it." The cattle were kept close

around the fort nearly all forenoon, but not an Indian was to be seen. All efforts to draw out the little garrison, however, proved fatile. Then a signal was thrown up, and

"They are sending for help, boys, and we will soon have it hot and heavy. Here, mother, you and May keep well within the

cave, but get some water and be ready to

In a few moments an uncerthly yell rose

up from the ravine, and the Indians charged that side of the fort. They were easily re-

pulsed, but soon dashed at the other side of

the fort, riding and firing. The men in the

fort let them ride and fire as fast and as

much as they wanted lying close within their snug breastworks. Protty soon the In-

dians drew off and commenced throwing up

We shall have it now, said maxwell.

In about an hour a long line of Indians were seen coming up from the south to join

devils as ever rode the plains or scalped a

wounded, and called out in broken English:

"High! high! You are beap much too

"Sioux and Nez Perces," he replied, "good men, but you are too tough for us. Good-"Is it on the square?" asked one of the men

never saw an Indian again. They had killed eight reds in the fight, and only two of their men were wounded. During the battle Mr. Maxwell had a close call, a ball cutting away a lock of his hair, and another one grazing his jaw. Mrs. Maxwell had a ball wound in her arm; another carried away a part of her

night of the siege reached Fort Keegh in safety, and Col. Baker with a party of cavalry was at once sent to the relief of the beleaguered little garrison. He reached there the day after the Indians left and found Maxwell and his party enjoying themselves. He brought them back to Miles City, where they were feasted by the citizens and me of. Mr. Maxwell gave up all idea of settling on the Little Missouri and became a citizen of Miles City. He was the ploueer in starting a line of stages from Miles to Deadwood by way of the Tongue river, and I think is running them still.—Chicago Times.

Shrimp Canning Industry. New Orleans has discovered that there's money in the canning of shrimps, and is developing the industry rapidly. It is said that fully 100,000 cans a day are nucked there during the season.



A. FLAGG, Proprietor. Cor. 2d and 5th aves, Wichita

the others.
"There they are," said Maxwell, "and if that is all there is of them we will soon lift their hair." It was a brave expression, but the men knew only too well it was made to keep their courage up, for there were at least ten Indians for every white man in the fort, and as bloodthirsty a looking set of red orders promptly attended to. 69 W. H. FONDA, Supt.

onlied out: 'Tiow! How! Come out and "Not much." cried Maxwell. "We have been waiting for you to come. Why have you been so long! Come on; we are spoiling for a fight; but mind you, no more gets off.

I want at least ten scalps."

The Indians dismounted and began crawl ing toward the fort. The grass was high and gave them good shelter. "We must not let them get too close," said Maxwell, "for there are too many of them. Pick out a man each of you, commencing on the right. There is a fellow flattening himself on the earth. I think I can get him, though he is about as thin as a pane of window glass and as long as a willow." He took can ful aim and fired. and the savage sprang up and then pitched forward on his face and lay still.

for the rest, boys." The Indians had opened, and the firing soon became general. For two hours it went on without intermission. The Indians worked up nearer and nearer to the fort despite of all the resistance of the little garrison. For three hours nothing could be heard but the noise of the guns, the yelling of the white men and Indians, and the cries of the women. Maxwell and his men fought like lions. Mrs. Maxwell loaded and cooled the guns, and May went about among the men, helping her mother and carrying the men water and food. After five hours' hard fighting the Indians drew off, held a council, and then went into camp. They divided into two parties, one party encamping on each side of the fort, so as to prevent the garrison from caping during the night. Several of the Indians came down quite close to the fort in the evening and wanted to talk, but the white men called out: "Go away! Go away! Old Maxwell is getting mad." One bold fellow rode up quite near, when Maxwell seized a gun and shot him, sending him back to the rear howling with pain.

GRAIN AND COMMISSION MEE HANTS "Lie close, boys, and shoot every one that approaches," said Maxwell. Night shut down again. The fires of the Indians could be seen hill, but none of them came near Two of the men slent while the others kept watch, but the night passed without event. Early in the morning the Indians wanted to

"Comet come on!" cried Maxwell, "I am spoiling for a fight. I don't want to talk Why don't you fight, you cowardly red ras-cals? Here goes for you!" and he fired his piece at the nearest warrior. The Indians fell back in haste, no doubt thinking the very devil was in old Maxwell. But they rallied and came on and the battle became general again. The white men were surrounded on every side, and it was with the ntmost difficulty they could keep the Indians out of the fort. Charge after charge was made, but the brave garrison stood true. After an hour and a half's fighting the Indians fell back for a rest and a smoke. They next commenced throwing arrows from their bows, shooting them up in the air and letting them descend point foremost into the fort. As the men had no protection for their backs and heads this proved a most formidable mode of attack. One of the men was soon severely wounded, and May Maxwell got an arrow through her foot. About noon an Indiau, who had been observed smeking all forenoon on a hill near the fort, suddenly rose up and walked down toward it. He kept on until within sixty yards of the breastworks when he suddenly fell dead, pierced by a bullet from old Maxwell's gun. He was probably a medicin man who had lied so long and so much to the Indians that he came to believe his own lies and thought that the white men could

not hit him with a bullet.

"They are getting out of ammunition," said Maxwell. "Let us give them a bluff," and, jumping up, all the men poured in a steady and rapid fire for a few minutes. The and, jumping up, all the men poured in a steady and rapid fire for a few minutes. The reds fell back and counseled again, and then one of them came down and called out: "Good-by; we are going now."
"Don't," cried Maxwell. "Give us one

"Who are you people?" asked Maxwell.

of Maxwell.
"I guess so," he said, "but we will take no chances, and keep close."

Maxwell of Cor Main st. and Douglas ave. The Indians then rode off. Maxwell and his little party kept close to the fort, but

The man Maxwell sent out on the first

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"He is down," cried Maxwell, "and now

As soon as the medicine man fell the In-dians drew off and held a council. They seemed to think the only way now was to watch the garrison and starve it out. Creep ing up close to the works and picketing the stream they began their patient siege. Not a head or hand in the garrison could be raised without a bullet being fired at it. The besieged had to lie close; but old Maxwell raised the devil about miduight by making a sudden attack, and the Indians, thinking he was coming sure enough, ran off a little. Next morning Maxwell surprised the savages by building a large fire, showing them be bad wood and water. Mrs. Maxwell had also had a tent put up, and the Indians observed the condition of the garrison was much improved, as if they liked it and were going to stay there and fight it out, if it took all summer. Dashing down on the fort, they fired over a hundred shots at the tent, but Mrs. Maxwell bravely stood her ground and quietly went on with her cooking. The In-dians circled around the besieged for nearly an hour, but it was observed they did not

more good fight before you go; do." The Indian could be heard laughing as he called



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